

An Excellent New SONG, Call'd,
The Charming Regents Will!
 O R,
ROYAL and FAIR.

To a pleasant New Tune.



I.

Royal and Fair, Great Willy's dear Blessing,
 The Charming Regent of the Swain,
 Heavy with Care thus sadly expressing
 Her Grief, sat weeping on the Plain;
 Why did my Fate
 Exalt me so high,
 If fading Time must deprive me of Joy,
 While Willy is gone,
 Ah! how vainly shines the Sun,
 Till Fate Decree
 The Wind and Sea,
Waft waft him to me.

II.

Large are my Flocks and flowry my Pasture,
 Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold,
 Where Rav'nous Wolves conspire to be Masters,
 Devour all my Lambs, and break down my
 Willy whilst here (Folds;
 Secur'd me from Fear,
 All the wild Herd stood in awe of Dear,
 But poor helpless I,
 Mourning Sigh, and hourly Cry,
 Let Fates Decree
 The Winds and Sea,
Waft waft Willy to me.

II.

Valiant and Wise he now 'mong the Princes,
 Counsils and Acts for England's good,
 Noble and Bold his Foes he convinces,
 With Danger he's to be withstood,
 His Glory there
 Increases my Fear,

Since to his Enemies he is so near;
 His Courage of Fire
 Makes me still wish and desire;
 Till Fates Decree
 The Wind and Sea,
Waft waft him to me.

III.

While he abroad does our Enemies vanquish,
 The Rav'nous Bores and Forces of France,
 Our home-bred Wolves do hear it with anguish
 And Scandals 'gainst his Fame advance;
 They all profess,
 That England they Love,
 Yet wish them Success, whose fierce hatred we
 But they'll be content, (prove
 They're gross Folly to Repent,
 When Fates Decree
 The Wind and Sea,
Waft waft him to me.

V.

Though Willy's Love to me is exceeding,
 Yet is his Love to Honour more,
 He cannot see brave Europe Bleeding,
 But lends his Hav'n assisted Power;
 Ireland has shown
 Some wonders he's done;
 And now in Flanders new Lawrels are won,
 Then calm thee my Breast,
 Free from Fear and Sorrow rest,
 Till Fates Decree
 The Wind and Sea,
Waft waft Willy to me.

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